

THE
COLONNADE
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VA.
FALL, 1957

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Farmville, Virginia

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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XXI

Fall, 1957

No. 1

TO YOU...

If someone asked you who composed *Les Sylphides*, could you answer Chopin? Do you know the name of the leading lady in *La Traviata*? Who wrote Oedipus Rex? What artist painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican?

Do you care?

If you do care and you feel your time is already wisely used, perhaps this editorial is not addressed to you. It is directed to you who evidently do not care.

Your lack of interest has been indicated by your lethargic attitude and your absence at concerts, Artist Series Programs, dance recitals, art exhibits, performances of plays, and special lectures.

All these events, plus many more, are for our benefit and pleasure. However, like small children who must be made to eat liver so that they will cultivate a taste for what is good for them, we have been asked, cajoled, and finally required to attend at least the Artist Series programs.

Perhaps we say too often that we have too much to do now and will catch up after graduation when we have more time. It is doubtful that we will have more time or the great variety of events to attend.

We may say that the programs are not good enough to be worth our time. But if we don't give a little time to these activities, we will have no background qualifying us to set up personal standards of judgment. We should not close our minds completely and refuse to try.

Some of us probably say our interests lie elsewhere—in other extra-curricular activities, in studies, in marriage. However, none of us have personalities with only one facet. It is our responsibility to develop the other sides.

Perhaps we think we will never regret having missed the cultural side of college. How unfortunate for us and those who come into contact with us! It requires such a small effort—merely arranging our time wisely, opening our minds, and consciously looking for new interests.

I am going to make this effort. Are you?

PAT WALTON, *Editor-in-Chief*.

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TO THE FULL MOON

Bathing the world in silvered glory,
 You trek your own familiar course.
 Heaven-made, a thief of light
 Borrowed from earth's own star.
 Man learned this plot from you,
 But none accomplish so subtly
 And with such delicate variation
 Or so unshamed a countenance
 What you, the ancient teacher,
 Bestow throughout the celestial realm—
 Giving to humanity, through crystal atmosphere,
 Or without faltering, through night-bound mist,
 Enveloping the world of darkness
 With a single sense perceived shield,
 The dreams of a hungry soul.
 Feeding the poor
 With the purity of a unique Robin Hood,
 You cast the virgin's veil
 Across the pock-marked path
 Of a restless world.

CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

MR. DIRECTOR-GENERAL

by PATRICIA CLEVELAND

A theatre stage: a few chairs, a butt can, cyclo-rama and one set of drapes; very little light.

(Enter TONY WAYNE from backstage, tired, depressed, solitary; when he reaches center stage, he looks off stage right.)

WAYNE: Hey, you on the light board, give me some light out here, double quick.

VOICE: Sorry, Mr. Wayne. I'm right in the middle of a very important . . .

WAYNE: I want light!

VOICE: I'll be through shortly, sir, and then . . .

WAYNE: You'll be through quicker than you think if I don't get some light. (Sudden burst of light.) Now get the hell out of here. (Figure is seen leaving, storming out. WAYNE grimaces a smile, brings a chair into light downstage, sits, and opens the prompt script which he carries.) If that stupid stage manager doesn't learn to keep a readable prompt script . . . If what's-her-name could cross diagonally across when . . . if she . . . no, no, no, . . . (Looks up.) Theatre, you're fighting me. Why don't you give up? I'm learning, catching on to your little tricks. You're pretty trashy looking, standing around naked like this. Pretty soon I'll dress you up and fill your empty stomach with a bunch of culture lovers and vaguely intelligent collegians. You'll jump through the hoop and perform your little tricks. I'll be holding the hoop, so why don't you quit fighting me? You know it's a losing battle; you know it. You'd better jump through the hoop! (Goes back to script.)

(Enter ALICE COLLYER.)

ALICE: Mr. Wayne.

WAYNE: (Not looking up.) I'm busy.

ALICE: So am I, but I had to stop work and come see you. It's quite important.

WAYNE: I doubt that anything is important enough to justify this interruption. However, I'll give you my attention because I've hit a snag. What do you want now?

ALICE: Thornton's left, supposedly never to return again.

WAYNE: So what? . . . Who's Thornton?

ALICE: The person whom you've designated "Light Technician." I've trained her myself and she's the best one yet. I won't let you drive her away.

WAYNE: You won't?

ALICE: No.

WAYNE: Oh!

ALICE: Is that all you've got to say?

WAYNE: Yes.

ALICE: Mr. Wayne, I'm sorry if I've offended you. But, you mustn't let her go. She's good; what's more, there simply isn't enough time to train another. It won't take much to remedy this. I don't know what you did; she was rather incoherent. I really don't care what either you or she did, but we need her.

WAYNE: Miss Collyer, if you're through I have a few things to say. Miss Collyer, no one is indispensable. This whole trivial thing is below my notice. I have a play to put on. I'm being criticised and I don't like it. I'm going to put on a good play despite you, these untalented college actors and actresses, the administration, and what's-her-name that works the lights. Now, deal with the problem as you see fit. I don't care what you do; just leave me alone!

ALICE: Mr. Wayne, I've known for a long time that something was wrong. If there's anything I can do to help . . . Why don't you tell me about it? Talking is sometimes the best therapy. I'd like to be your confidante . . . Mr. Wayne, . . . Tony, please let me help.

WAYNE: My name is *Mr. Wayne*.

ALICE: We've been working together for over three years. Isn't it time we got on a first name basis? I'm an associate, not a student.

WAYNE: Have you finished the design for Act III, Scene I? I want to see it. Miss Collyer, *right now*.

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ALICE: It's finished. I'll get it, Mr. Wayne.
right now. (Exits)

WAYNE: Well, Wayne, you've done it again, you big ass! Tony Wayne, known in certain circles as "Mad Anthony Wayne," comes through in his usual, lousy way. Alice seemed a little annoyed. That's a fine woman, though she's not your type. Knows her stuff. One in a million. I guess I was a little short with her. She deserved it, but . . . I'll apologize. Keep up the "esprit de corps" and all that sort of rot. Fine woman. Ought to marry some *forceful* guy; do wonders for her. (Laughs.) O.K. Tony, wipe those obscene pictures from your mind. Now you do have to apologize.

(Enter ALICE.)

WAYNE: Ah! Miss Collyer. Alice, I want to . . .

ALICE: Here are all of the designs.

WAYNE: Yes, but first I want . . .

ALICE: 3-1 is on top, Mr. Wayne.

WAYNE: I was really quite . . .

ALICE: I hope they will meet with your approval.

WAYNE: (Annoyed again.) Possibly.
(They examine the design together.)

ALICE: As you can see I tried to follow . . .

WAYNE: What the hell is this?

ALICE: (With cool civility.) I took it upon myself to make that addition. Since the whole effect is to be one of extraordinary depth with the air of impending doom, I thought that such an addition would add immensely to the design as a whole. It also carries through the motif introduced in 2-2. You see, if this is omitted the whole effect is . . .

WAYNE: You're cluttering up my stage! Did I or did I not give express orders that 3-1 was to be as bare as possible? Don't stand there looking like an owl; answer me.

ALICE: I'll change it.

WAYNE: (Tears it in half.) No, it's wrong. (Tears it in quarters.) I want a whole new design. This isn't high school, Miss Collyer, by any means. You're supposed to have talent; try using a little of it. I refuse to use trash! (She starts to leave.) Come back here and don't dare turn on those water faucets. I hate over-emo-

tional females.

ALICE: Isn't the stage a place for hysterics?

WAYNE: Only during a play.

ALICE: This all seems farcical to me. As for the water faucets, don't worry; I won't give you the satisfaction of seeing that you've hurt me.

WAYNE: I didn't realize that your emotions were so very tender.

ALICE: After three years of working with you they should be hard as steel, but somehow I've managed to stay human.

WAYNE: Damn, I've lost my temper again. I'm sorry but . . .

ALICE: The great Anthony Wayne apologizes in his own inimitable way.

WAYNE: Yes. "Mad Anthony" apologizes but . . .

ALICE: Oh my, how far behind the times we are. No longer are you "Mad Anthony." You've retained your rank, but the last name is different: Bullmoose.

WAYNE: Bullmoose, General Bullmoose?

ALICE: Precisely.

WAYNE: General Bullmoose; you don't mean the one in "Li'l Abner?" (Incredulous.)

ALICE: I take it you don't care too much for the change in names.

WAYNE: General Bullmoose! "Mad Anthony" was bad enough, but this . . .

(Flings a chair across the stage.) Did you know I was named for "Mad Anthony?" Oh, yes. General Wayne was a personal hero of my mother. No relation, just a hero. My mother was like that. She let her imagination soar when she named her children. Otherwise she was content to be her subnormal self. Dad earned the money and we were given to the streets to raise. (He tries to light a cigarette; Alice has to help him.) Thank you.

ALICE: Tony . . .

WAYNE: Some mysterious night, in the dark of midnight, I'll tell you some real thrilling stories about the ghosts of my past. I won't know where to start though. Should it be women, my childhood, the war . . . Or maybe my mother, whom I'll probably meet in Hell?

ALICE: I'd like that—being alone with you,

(Continued on Page 14)

THE SEARCH

by CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

MAURY stopped to talk with the little man in the ragged, brown coat that stood on the corner and sold newspapers.

"Didn't you go to work today?" he asked.

"No."

"Didn't you have to work?"

"I was supposed to."

"It isn't what you want?"

"No."

"Have you found it yet?"

"No, but I am searching."

"How are you finding out?"

"Well," rather guiltily, "I think about it, and I write things. Sometimes I try to write something that people would want to read. If I finish it, it isn't what I wanted it to be. I usually don't finish it. I get bored with it. Then sometimes I start writing something that I don't have any plan for. Things just keep following each other. Usually it is a good story, but the odd part about it is that it has a meaning. I mean something different from what is just written down—like a rusty knife lying in the alley. The knife is like the words written down. It is something. But the police find the knife, and by finding it, they find a murderer; and then a crime is solved. You see?—the knife, or the words, suddenly mean something different—something much more important."

"Why does this worry you?"

"Because I don't even know it until the story is written. Sometimes I don't even find it myself. Someone else finds it or a small bit of it, like the important piece of a picture puzzle. Then the whole thing is spread out before me and everything that I have written means something else." Maury took a cigarette from her coat pocket and lighted it, because she liked to do things that weren't quite proper, such as cigarettes on the street and church without a hat.

The little man shifted his newspaper bag on his shoulder. "When you find out what you



want, you must take it. Then everything will be all right."

"Do you have what you want?"

"Yes."

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"How can you?" Maury was not afraid to be blunt, at least not with the old man. "I mean this—standing on a street corner selling papers, not even having decent clothes. I mean—"

"You mean you don't see how this could be what I want."

"Well, I guess—yes."

"It would be a hell of a world if everybody wanted the same thing."

Maury was silent. She had no other alternative.

The little man rubbed his head. "I am not being quite fair with you. Finding what you want can't be anything materialistic, can it?"

"No."

"Then my rags and my newspapers are not what I want. They are merely my physical aids in getting what I want."

"Then what is it actually?"

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"I can tell you only when you have found what you are searching for, not until then."

"I see," Maury said. "I must go now." She started away.

"Hey!" the old man called after her. "It's good that you quit that job."

Maury pulled her coat up at the collar and tossed the cigarette in front of her onto the street so that she could step on it as she walked. She had meant to go to work that morning. She had gotten up when the alarm rang, eaten some breakfast, and dressed. It was cold, but she had stood for awhile and watched the golden halo of sun over the tallest buildings. She had wished then that she were a painter, but she had wished that many times before. She thought of herself for a while and how marvelous it was that she could appreciate a thing so well. Then she decided that every woman at some time or other saw something that was beautiful and wished that she were a painter, and so it probably wasn't such a unique idea at all.

She walked for a while then, not thinking of anything specifically; but abstract thoughts can become very ponderous, the way they whirl and build up and yet never seem to coagulate into any solid conclusion; so she walked through the park and tried to let them drop by themselves into the whirlpool of incoherent ideas. Someone else might be able to dip into those discarded thoughts and find one that could be molded into a tangible thing. After all, people did it every day.

She had hunted all that morning within the depths of her mind until suddenly she realized that it was noon and she was hungry. She was disgusted with herself at first, but reality intruded so courteously that she bought a magazine and enjoyed a very average escape into it over a bit of lunch. After that it was difficult to drift back into the mood of triangular circles and round pegs in square holes.

It was a little after two when she got back to her apartment. She tried to write for a while, but everything kept ending up in the wastebasket as usual. She had that strange, restless feeling of one who needs to accomplish something, and she wished again that she could paint. To be able to splash colors on a canvas

would be so much more satisfying than typing little black letters on a piece of paper. Even if the painting were no good it could not possibly portray the futility that is the result of a worthless story.

Maury went to bed early and fell into the deep sleep of one who is tired in both body and mind.

When she woke the next morning she lay in bed drowning in the myriad remembrances of yesterday as they tumbled together in her sleep-laden mind; and she wondered why she should feel so restless and empty after such a full sleep. Then she was suddenly awake, because she remembered the old man and his simple statement, "Everything."

She felt envious and slightly cheated that he should stand in the street selling newspapers and feeling complete while she cursed life, and cried, and drank, and found nothing to fill the vacuum that was her whole body, or her mind, or her soul.

She dressed methodically and instead of breakfast had a drink that would give her more courage than an egg.

She walked up to the old man with overconfidence and bought a paper before either of them spoke a word. She was the first to break the silence. "I have it now," she lied. Then before he could speak she added, "Now you must tell me."

"It is simple," he said. "I am here to help others end their searches."

She stared at him a moment, her sad, gray eyes linking with his clear, blue eyes.

"Thank you," she said and walked away. She didn't know where she was going, but her feet led her, almost running, up the stairs to her small apartment, to her rather battered typewriter, which still had faith even when hers had shrunk to a minute object that even she herself was unable to recognize. She knew then that there was a God. She had really always known, only at times He had become so dim that she could not even talk with Him, and she knew that she must write a story quickly—a story about a little old man in a ragged, brown coat, twisted with the weight of a newspaper bag, a little old man with crystal blue eyes and the wisdom of Socrates.

MY LITTLE GIRL

by ANITA HEFLIN

MISS LLOYD stood near the window, her eyes fixed firmly on problem three in chapter sixteen of the plane geometry textbook. She tried to concentrate on what Pete was saying and ignore the ever-present humming outside the window of her classroom. Out of the corner of her eye she could see one crawling on the sill. No one had warned her when she took this job last fall that there was a beehive under the edge of the roof. Since the middle of April bees had been swarming around the open window. They terrified her. When she thought about it logically she realized that it was foolish to be frightened of anything so small, but all the same, when the bees started coming in the window during class, she couldn't reason with the terror that rose inside her. She turned and started walking casually, she hoped, across the room. That was something she had learned in Education class last year—you mustn't ever show your pupils that you're afraid of anything.

"Is that right, Miss Lloyd?"

She suddenly realized that she hadn't been listening to Pete's explanation. What could she do to keep them from knowing that she hadn't been paying attention?

"Suppose you work the problem on the board to make it clearer for the class."

She sat down at her desk as Pete began to work, slowly, methodically. She smoothed the front of her ruffled, light blue dress—her mother's favorite. Mother liked for her to wear colors that brought out the blue in her hazel eyes.

As she watched Pete work, reminded by the weather that her first year of teaching would soon be over, she reflected on the new experiences the year had brought—the feeling of independence that came with each paycheck, the sense of responsibility she felt in showing the students how to solve problems—and the new people she had met.

She knitted her brow in a slight frown as

she thought of the last, mentally picturing the look on Mother's face when she would go home to change clothes for her date with Bruce. Mother would say, "Well, of course I want you to have a good time, Patsy, but I had thought that maybe we could just sit and talk this evening. You do need your rest if you're going to teach tomorrow. But you do as you like; I don't mind being alone." She knew that in the end she'd give in. It was so much easier than seeing Mother hurt or displeased. But why should she not approve of her seeing Bruce? He would never call back if she broke another date with him.

Oh, he understood, all right. He had been patient for the first two months, but since about the third week in April he had been asking her to go out against her Mother's wishes. He'd said, "Pat, you can't keep avoiding the issue by giving in." She wanted to please them both, but it seemed impossible.

She jumped suddenly as a bee flew past her face. The class tittered. She walked hurriedly to where Pete was standing, as much to get away from the bee as to check his work.

"Very good, Pete. Now, if you'll take your seat, I'll explain something new. Today we're going to learn to bisect an angle by pure construction."

Using a large wooden compass which contained chalk, she drew a circle on the board. She used a yardstick to draw two radii and labeled their angle "A."

"Watch closely now, because I won't have time to repeat it."

Without hesitating, she completed her explanation. When she had drawn the last line, she took a step back and waited for questions. There were none.

She continued, "To divide an angle into four equal parts, simply bisect each of these two angles. You can continue to do this to divide an angle into as many even-numbered parts as

(Continued on Page 17)

INTIMATIONS of MORTALITY

Tell me once more of simple, happy things,
Of Mab, the Faerie Queene, of Oberon,
Of innocent revels in a moonlit glen,
For I fear waking to a mythless dawn.

Let me dream on and on and never wake,
For waking brings a cold reality
Of groping hands, and long-tormented hearts
And eyes that search for light, but never see.

The happiest thoughts leave sad ones in their wake.
The gayest tunes but preface funeral chants.
And Youth is only a forgotten smile
That flickers briefly on Life's countenance.

MARYBETH BALDWIN

FEAR

His outstretched arms invite a thousand fancies
As he stands half o'ershadowed, half in light,
Yet in his smile there lurks a certain coldness
That hastens the arrival of the night.

His eyes burn with the white-hot flame of passion
And yet perhaps it's a demonic glow.
He bids me closer come, yet doubt bestirs me,
If not to him, to what, then, must I go?

All through the night he holds his lonely vigil,
Until the stars fade softly into dawn,
And then he turns, without a sign or whisper,
Walks over Day's horizon, and is gone.

Let life be filled with joy, and love, and light,
But think upon the coming of the night.

MARYBETH BALDWIN

AWAKENING

by JUDY ALEXANDER

THE sun streamed through the open window and cast beams across the shiny toys scattered about the floor. A cooling breeze fanned the curtains out and pulled them back against the window rhythmically. Pete paused with one small hand gripping a block, ready to place it upon his block tower. His eager blue eyes followed the sailboats on the curtain. When the wind blew, the sails puffed out into big boats. Then back into the crumpled folds of the blue curtain they went again.

A small black cocker spaniel tilted his head to one side and eyed Pete excitedly. Suddenly he bounded over to him, his long curly hair bouncing and his paws pattering against the floor.

"Hi ya, Butch," Pete cried as he patted the puppy heartily. Butch jumped about and barked briskly.

"Golly, you're a noisy pup. Let's be a good, quiet dog so Mama can finish taking her nap. All right?"

The dog sat patiently beside him for a moment, but soon became restless and began sniffing the blocks and the electric train track which encircled them.

"I'll build a big tower and then you can knock it down with one big leap," Pete said as he carefully placed the blocks on top of each other. Butch beat his tail against the floor in recognition.

"One block, and another block," he counted in a dreamy tone. "Now, just a little taller," as the tower began to sway.

"Okay, Butchie boy, knock 'em down."

Springing up, Butch leaped upon the blocks, and they fell to the floor with a rumbling sound while he and Pete both danced about gleefully.

"Pete," called his mother. "How would you like to go for a walk in the park?"

"Fine, fine," he yelled as he sprang up and ran down the steps.

As they entered the park, Pete on his tricycle and his mother walking along beside him, he

tried to think of exciting things he could do. He reached into his pocket to make certain he had brought the peanuts to feed the squirrels. He wished his daddy were along. Daddy would always climb the hills with him and even take him sailing. The last time they had been boat riding, his daddy had showed him how to pull the ropes to make the sails turn and blow the boat back to shore. He remembered looking into his daddy's dark, sincere eyes as he heard him say, "Pete, my boy, when you get a little bigger I'll buy you a big boat like this, and we'll take it down on the river and try it out in the waves." He'd slapped him on the back heartily and said, "Yes sir, Mr. Pete, and you'll be the skipper then."

Pete carelessly gazed at the blue sky above the dark, swaying trees and swelled with pride. Maybe he'd get the boat of his own soon. That would be fun.

As he and his mother started back toward the house, he saw his father's car turning into the drive behind them and yelled, "Mama, here comes Daddy!" I'll ask him about the boat now, he thought.

Pete's legs revolved in circles as he forced the wheels of the tricycle over the grass. He looked back at the approaching car and pushed harder upon the pedals.

Just as the tricycle and the car reached the garage, Pete spied Butch darting out to greet them. Terror seized him. Instinctively he tried to yell, but it was too late.

Then he was standing there waving his arms helplessly. He was vaguely aware of his mother's arms about him and her quiet voice speaking to him. He didn't want to hear what she was saying. He fought to get away and to reach the dog, but he couldn't do anything now.

"Daddy didn't mean to hurt him, dear. He'll buy you a new dog even prettier than Butch," she soothed.

"I don't want another dog. I want Butch.

(Continued on Page 18)



SENIOR SNEAK DAY
POUSSIN (1594-1665)

STILL

LONC



PICNIC AT LONGWOOD ESTATE
MANET (1832-1883)

OOD



DUST UNDER THE BED!

DURER (1471-1528)



SHIPPED!

REMBRANDT (1606-1669)

The Critics' Corner

JOSEPHINE BAILEY, Organist

Buxtehude.....*Prelude, Fugue and Chaconne*
Buxtehude...*From God, I Ne'er Will Turn Me*
Bach-Vivaldi.....*Concerto in A Minor*
Claude Louis D'Aquin.....*Variations on Noel*
Louis-Nicolas Clerambault.

Top and Bottom of the Trumpet Stop
César Franck.....*Chorale in B Minor*
Jehan Alain.....*The Hanging Garden*
Marcel Dysue.....*Magnificat I*
Marcel Dysue...*Prelude and Fugue in G Minor*

The faculty recitals for the 1957-1958 session were begun on October 8 by an evening of organ music offered by Miss Josephine Bailey. The charming Miss Bailey made the rather small audience feel at home from the first moments of the concert.

To the devotees of organ, the concert was quite fruitful. Although Miss Bailey got off to a slow start, by the time she had reached the Bach-Vivaldi Concerto she had settled down to some thrilling playing. The Bach was one of several pieces which presented the audience with some fine examples of precise fingering in fast passages.

The entire evening was a wonderful example of contrast in dynamics. In the César Franck, Miss Bailey went from the floating soft tones to thunderous chords. This piece reminded one of a huge cathedral filled with sound.

The programming itself showed the touch of an expert hand. The concert included music from the classical, baroque, romantic, and modern periods. Miss Bailey should be congratulated for presenting such a high level of artistry here at Longwood.

JOANN L. FIVEL

THE FOUR FRESHMEN

BETTER late than never. This old maxim proved only too true the night of October 10 when the famed Four Freshmen appeared

at Jarman Hall in a benefit performance for the Dabney S. Lancaster Scholarship Fund. A capacity audience awaited the arrival of the popular musical quartet 45 minutes past the scheduled time because of the singers' difficult traveling connections—four airlines and two rented cars.

However, the restless audience was quickly revived as the famed four swung into their first song.

Programming a vocal and instrumental repertoire of popular songs, old favorites, and rock n' roll hits, the combo immediately made a big hit with the college group. Swinging from jazzy songs highlighting unique instrumental techniques like "Them There Eyes" to slow, dreamy love songs such as "Angel Eyes" and "Love Is Just Around the Corner," the versatile musicians displayed a smooth blend of voices and many special instrumental talents. Combining a trumpet, guitar, mellophone, bass, and drums, they produced music comparable to their magic blend of voices. Sometimes beating out fast Dixieland jazz, sometimes creating a soft background for a slow love song, their music in turn stimulated and enraptured the Longwood audience. Besides offering many of their popular hits they sang remembered favorites such as "Graduation Day" in honor of the seniors.

Each of the four is a talented performer by himself, and their comical antics and witty banter between selections proved this. Not lacking in other comedy effects, the quartet almost brought the house down with laughter by rendering the old favorite, "It's Lonesome in the Saddle Since My Horse Died Blues."

In all, the singers presented one of the most entertaining programs ever given here. Their special brand of popular music, their good-humored wise-cracking, their spontaneous audience appeal, and the fact that the Four Freshmen in person were on our campus made a terrific hit with everyone.

Composed of Ross and Don Barber, Ken Abero and Bob Flannigan, the quartet has

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rocketed to top rating in a comparatively short career. Soon after gaining local fame as a combo the Indiana college boys were signed by Capital Records, which in Stan Kenton's words, "soon made them one of the hottest groups in the country, both in colleges and clubs." For the past three years *Downbeat* magazine has rated them as the nation's top vocal group, and their tremendous success on tours has established their popularity as a concert attraction.

LINDA DOLES

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

THE 1957-58 Longwood Artists Series was opened on October 21 by Cornelia Otis Skinner with her presentation of five satirical sketches. The talented actress and writer played to a large and responsive audience, which found "her" to be attractive, poised, and highly amusing.

The first sketch, entitled "A Box of Powder," portrayed a hurried woman shopper in quest of a plain blue box of face powder who is unwillingly led through a gauntlet of complexion and figure analyses by several determined specialists. Miss Skinner succeeded in changing tone and accent sufficiently to serve in each capacity. The largely feminine audience quickly responded to this satire of a character with whom they could sympathize.

Miss Skinner performed her best characterization in the second sketch, "Hotel Porch." Donning a shawl and a black neckband, she became a querulous, critical, cantankerous old woman who spends her summers seated on the porch of a resort hotel, engaged in gossiping and complaining. From beginning to end the characterization was completely convincing.

"Genealogy, American Ancestor Worship," which jumps from Boston to San Francisco, to Chicago, and finally to Charleston, S. C., and which attempted to reveal the skeletons hanging from family tree limbs, was valuable if only to show a Virginia audience that people in other sections of the country also possess ancestors—honorable and otherwise. This sketch drew many appreciative laughs from the audience. However, the idea soon grew rather tiresome,

and the Southern lady was particularly tedious. She slapped too many mosquitoes and ranted too loudly at the whip-poor-will.

Two sketches followed the intermission. "The Yearly American Invasion" showed several types of American visitors in Paris. On close observation these provincials abroad—the young sophisticate, the Bohemian artist, and the bored "average" tourist, seemed more pathetic than funny. Unfortunately, they were unfamiliar types to this audience and did not hold a great deal of interest. The most fascinating aspect of the sketch was Miss Skinner's use of a red velvet hat which she cleverly arranged in various ways to match the type of visitor she was portraying.

In the final sketch, the lady's preparations for presentation to the queen were overly-exaggerated and unrealistic, or perhaps the audience was satiated with satire. At any rate, the underlying satirical aspects seemed lost in purely burlesque humor.

Miss Skinner possesses an undeniably great talent for characterization, although none of the characters in the five sketches required much depth, with the possible exception of the old woman on the hotel porch. However, Miss Skinner provided her audience with an evening of light entertainment which was warmly received and thoroughly enjoyed.

CAROLE WHITE

WALTER E. URBEN, *Pianist*

Partita in B Flat Major, No. 1 J. S. Bach

Nocturne in B Major, Op. 32, No. 1. F. Chopin
Grande Valse Brillante, Op. 18

Valse in A Flat Major, Op. 42

Scherzo in B Minor, Op. 20

Sonata No. 3 in F Major, Op. 46. D. Kabalevsky

Once more the talented Mr. Walter Urben favored Longwood College with one of his fine recitals. In the years that Mr. Urben has been in Farmville, he has given four programs, each finer than the last.

The success of this program could be judged best by the audience reaction to each number

Please Turn The Page

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played. Although the audience was small, their enthusiasm was great.

Opening the evening with the Bach *Partita in B Flat Major*. Mr. Urben steadily rose in artistry. Although the Bach was well played, it was the group of Chopin works which was the highlight of the first part of the program. Mr. Urben's love of French Romanticism was quite apparent.

Finally it can be noted that Mr. Urben was quite daring in choosing anything from the contemporary composers. Dimitri Kabalevsky seems to be coming to the fore among modern composers for piano. Mr. Urben is to be complimented in presenting us with a hearing of this beautiful work. We shall all look forward to the next hearing of this very talented pianist.

JOANN L. FIVEL

MR. DIRECTOR-GENERAL

Continued from Page 4

hearing about your life. I'm a good listener, Tony.

WAYNE: You've got to work to get to the top, and my aim is far higher than this. Besides, someone has to make up for the shortcomings of these deadheads around here. There's a lot of deadwood in this theatre and sitting in classrooms, both students and teachers. And they hate me for thinking like this.

ALICE: Tony, nobody hates you.

WAYNE: That backstage group does.

ALICE: They don't hate you. They get angry sometimes, but it wears off. They know what a truly fine director and person you are. Stage people are funny; and though they're in college, they're still stage people, and they're wonderful. Even Vilma gets annoyed with you at times but . . .

WAYNE: Who's Vilma?

ALICE: The cleaning woman. Even she gets upset at times. She told me last week you'd made her two and a half hours late getting home one night. She wanted to mop the stage and you wouldn't let her. But she got over her little peeve and she understands how busy you are. They all understand.

WAYNE: You talked with her—Vilma?

ALICE: Yes.

WAYNE: Now she understands?

ALICE: Yes, she's very understanding. So is Thornton. When I explain . . .

WAYNE: Who's Thornton?

ALICE: The light technician. Earlier this evening you . . .

WAYNE: Yes, I know.

ALICE: I like her a lot. You ought to get to know her. A lot of those people are worth knowing.

WAYNE: (Very abruptly.) Have you ever given any thought to suicide?

ALICE: Don't be morbid.

WAYNE: So you have! Well, don't try it. It's not worth the effort. I tried it. Seems like it happened to another person and not to me at all. Let's see; it must have been close to five years ago. As you can see it didn't work. I read somewhere if you failed in a suicide attempt, it meant you really didn't want to die. Not me. I was serious, but I ran out of gas. I sat in that damn, hot car four hours and then ran out of gas! I was too broke to buy more gas to finish the job. That's the story of my life, always messing up every pie I put my fingers into. It's damn tiring to fail all the time. 'Variety is the spice of life.'

ALICE: You poor lamb. All you had to do was to tell . . .

WAYNE: I don't want your sympathy. Go on, get out. I have work to do.

ALICE: Tony!

WAYNE: That is, of course, unless you have some funny stories you want to tell.

ALICE: I know one with a moral.

WAYNE: I don't like that kind.

ALICE: I'd like to tell it anyway. You're the person to appreciate it.

WAYNE: I'll stop you if I've heard it.

ALICE: I'm a farm girl. About six miles down the road from my father's farm was another farm that was well cared for by the owners. The buildings were kept in good repair; the

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animals were healthy looking; the fences were always whitewashed. There were even roses in the front yard. Sometime after the son had gone off to the city, his father died; his mother sold the farm and went to live with him. The man who bought the farm had another where he lived and so he let the buildings fall into disrepair. He sold the animals and put his hogs into what was once the front yard. The last time I was home I made a special effort to see what had happened to that farm.

WAYNE: And what, pray tell, had happened?

ALICE: The fields were eroding; the fences were falling down. The old barn will cave in at the first stiff breeze. Corn is stored in the old farmhouse and the hogs have rooted up the rose bushes.

WAYNE: I learned two things: you weren't born in a trunk and you can't tell a story.

ALICE: You refuse to see the point.

WAYNE: What? that you're over-romantic? . . . It appears to me that I'm being lectured to. What's more, I don't like it. Now look, if I had the time I'd pick your theory into little tiny shreds. It's the product of an over-romantic female imagination. It just doesn't hold water. However, I shall spare you a lecture, even though you didn't do the same for me. Scram, I have work to do.

ALICE: If I got under your skin, I'm glad, Tony.

WAYNE: *Mr. Wayne.* Miss Collyer, I want 3-1 in my hands by twelve tomorrow. That's noon, not midnight. And Miss Collyer, I want it right this time. No one is indispensable.

ALICE: Why?

WAYNE: Because that's the way the world is; no one is indispensable.

ALICE: Although I happen to disagree with your philosophy, that's not what I wanted to know. The question is why are you changed so suddenly from a likable, lovable human to this? Are you afraid of friendship, of . . .

WAYNE: I'm plain afraid. So what? Now kindly get the hell out of here.

ALICE: Damn you! (Turns on her heel to leave.)

WAYNE: Cut that talk! I don't like it one bit.

You sound like some barroom slut.

ALICE: You do your best to make me feel like one! A few more kind words and I may lose my temper.

WAYNE: That's something that might prove interesting. This whole conversation has bored me so far.

ALICE: Can't you see what's happening, what you're doing? You're so damned wrapped up in yourself you can't see the worthwhile things that are going on around you. You can't work; you can't keep a friend. You bathe in self-pity. You need and want help. Yet, when it's offered, you refuse with a curse word and a loud "get out." Well, I'm tired of it, so tired that I really am getting out. I've been dismissed and ejected from royal favor once too often. General Bull-moose. Go on, bathe in your pity, alienate your friends, become a hermit. That's all you're good for now.

WAYNE: Don't say things you don't mean, Alice.

ALICE: At one time I felt excessive pity and regard for you which I misinterpreted as love.

WAYNE: Stop!

ALICE: I dreamed foolish dreams like a girl. I should have known better; I'm a woman, not a girl. I'm human and a woman, two things which you never took into account. Do you want to know what I dreamed? Of course you don't, but I'll tell you anyway; you might get a laugh out of it. I saw you and me, together—a small company in a small town—children, about three. Funny? Lord yes, it's hilarious.

WAYNE: You're getting hysterical.

ALICE: Too much adrenalin. That's all you can excite in me any more, Tony, adrenalin!

WAYNE: If you're leaving, you'd better go now.

ALICE: I'm leaving, leaving now while I still own a part of myself.

WAYNE: Good-bye.

ALICE: (Cooly.) I loathe you. (Exits.)

WAYNE: (Tentatively.) Alice . . . Alice! I need you. I need someone. I need someone. (To the theatre.) I'm alone again. Why, why, why? I don't want to be alone . . . She'll come back; sure she will. She knows I was only kid-

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ding. She's mad, but she'll come back 'cause she knows I was kidding . . . No she won't. What the hell, no one is indispensable, least of all her. Now I suppose I'll be up all night trying to design 3-1 . . . Really, that wasn't a bad design. (Picks up the scraps and tries to piece them together.) I could use it just as it is, with a few minor changes, of course. Hmm . . . (Wanders to the chair, sits on the prompt script which is in the seat of the chair, gets up and throws it to the floor.) Alice, Alice! Come back, damn you!

(Enter VILMA, the scrubwoman.)

VILMA: Sir—Mr. Vane. (He looks up.) Iss it all right for me to now mop te stage?

WAYNE: Who are you?

VILMA: I vork here. I mop te stage.

WAYNE: I mean the name.

VILMA: Vilma.

WAYNE: Any last name? No, I expect not.

VILMA: Yah, I haff te last name.

WAYNE: It doesn't matter. Have I had the pleasure of talking with you before?

VILMA: I do not tink so.

WAYNE: I don't think so either. (Looks down.)

VILMA: Sir, vill it be all right to mop? I do not wish to boter you.

WAYNE: I made you late, two or three hours, one night.

VILMA: It vas no trouble. Lars vorried some, boot a little vorry iss goot for a man.

WAYNE: Yeh.

VILMA: I vill come back later.

WAYNE: Don't bother. I don't matter. Mop on. Neither rain, nor sleet, nor director must stay the scrubwoman from her appointed rounds.

VILMA: Iss dere sometin wrong?

WAYNE: Oh, no. Everything's ducky.

VILMA: I am so glad. I haff not been in dis country long, but I begin to understand dis slank?

WAYNE: That's interesting, and the word is *slang*. So long. (WAYNE exits.)

VILMA: Goot-bye, Mr. Vane. (She begins mopping.)

WAYNE: (Re-entering.) Hey-uh, I'd like to talk to you. Your accent—well, the Swedish accent seems to evade me. Do you mind?

VILMA: No, I luff to talk.

WAYNE: Good! What shall we talk about? I know, let's talk about the play. Have you seen it? Do like it?

VILMA: Yah.

WAYNE: Do you know much about the theatre?

VILMA: No.

WAYNE: (Dryly.) Somehow your accent doesn't seem to be getting through to me.

VILMA: I haff not said much.

WAYNE: Cut it out; all women like to gossip. I'll bet you know some good tales, for instance about Miss Collyer. Come on, loosen up.

VILMA: Mr. Vane. I tink I had better go mop te halls.

WAYNE: Don't go. You must not understand the trend of this conversation. There's no reason to leave. I'm just trying to be friendly.

VILMA: I understand much dat people do not tink I understand. I am not very smart, but I am smart enough to tink to leaff.

WAYNE: Look, I've been under a strain lately. Some of the things I've been doing haven't been making good sense. I've lost my sense of perspective. I just want to be with someone. Stay and talk to me. Talk in Swedish, German, pig-latin, I don't care.

VILMA: You are vorried about te play? You need not. It goes very well.

WAYNE: All but one scene.

VILMA: Te luff scene?

WAYNE: How did you know?

VILMA: I haff vatched it, I haff heard talk.

WAYNE: Oh?

VILMA: Vy does she not yust go right to him?

WAYNE: She's not sure of his love.

VILMA: Could she not moof to te shair instead of te table? Ten ven he says "I vill see you anyway," he could go to her. All she now has to do iss stand up. Ten dey make te goot luff.

WAYNE: Are you trying to tell me how to direct?

VILMA: No, sir. I vas yust tinkin . . .

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WAYNE: Well, don't think aloud in the presence of an authority when you know nothing about what you're talking about.

VILMA: I am sorry, sir.

WAYNE: You're going to be late again if you don't get to work. Don't go blaming it on me.

VILMA: I was yust talking so dot you cout hear my accent.

WAYNE: Vell, yust vatch vat you are saying. Goodbye, what's-your-name.

VILMA: You are a strange man, Mr. Vane.

WAYNE: You don't know the half of it. (Exits.)

VILMA: (Starts mopping.) I yust bet he does te luff scene te vay Miss Alice said I should say.

MY LITTLE GIRL

Continued from Page 8

you want, but there is no way to trisect an angle by pure construction."

The ringing of the three-o'clock bell was followed by the sound of twenty-four geometry books being slammed shut.

"For tomorrow, practice bisecting an angle."

Her words were lost in a noisy mixture of shuffling feet, giggling, and yelling. The room emptied and the noise was over as quickly as it had begun. As she finished erasing the board and turned around, she realized that she was not alone after all. Pete was still at his desk, working silently. She remained still, watching him as he used a compass and rule to make marks on a paper, stop and study what he had done, cross out the marks and start over. She started toward his desk.

"Is there something about bisecting an angle that you don't understand, Pete?"

"No ma'm, Miss Lloyd, I understand that fine. I was just trying to trisect an angle."

"Didn't you hear me when I said that it was impossible to do?"

"Yes'm, but I have a few minutes to spare—so I thought I'd play around with it for a while. You know me—I'm from Missouri!"

She picked up her geometry and Algebra I textbooks, her gradebook, and reached for a set of papers to be corrected. Seeing a bee crawling

on top, she decided that she wouldn't have time to grade them tonight anyway and left them. Going out of the door, she called back, "Let me know how you make out."

"I'll tell you tonight at the game," he replied.

She didn't bother to stop and tell him that she wouldn't be there.

At home, in the handle of the screen door, she found a hastily scrawled note in Bruce's handwriting. She opened it and read the message:

Pat,

There's a change in plans for tonight—a college friend and his wife are in town, so I'd thought we'd get together and do something special. Dress for dinner and dancing and I'll pick you up at eight.

Bruce

Inside the house, she went straight to her closet and pulled out a new dress she had been saving for just such an occasion. It would have to be pressed, she noticed. She held the dress up to her and looked at herself in the full-length mirror hanging from the closet door. It wasn't easy to get the effect, with the full skirt of the light blue dress sticking out at each side of the black one, but she liked what she saw. The dark dress made her eyes seem almost brown.

It was already four-thirty. She would have to start Mother's dinner early in order to have time to press her dress, bathe, and get ready. As she started into the kitchen, the telephone rang. Still clutching the hanger in one hand, she picked up the receiver.

"Patsy, this is Mother. Did you just get home?"

"Yes, I was getting ready to—"

"I'm out at Aunt Edith's. She came into town today to the doctor and took me back with her to have dinner and chat for a while. I told her I knew that you wouldn't mind coming out to get me later this evening. Does it suit you to come at about nine o'clock?"

"Well, Mother, as a matter of fact—"

"I was just saying to Edith a few minutes ago, 'You know, when you get to be past middle age and you don't feel well either, it's not easy to get around anymore. If it weren't for my little girl, I don't know what I'd do.' Are you

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sure mine will be all right?"

"Yes, Mother, that's fine. Nine o'clock."

She let the dress fall to the floor in a heap. Instead of hanging up the receiver, she used her free hand to jiggle the button and get the dial tone. She had another call to make.

She shut the car door firmly and started walking down the third base line toward the stands. The game hadn't started yet. She wouldn't get to see more than half of it before it would be time to go to get Mother, but somehow she couldn't keep her mind on making out lesson plans. Not tonight. As she neared the first section of bleachers behind the players' bench, she heard Pete's voice call her name.

"Hey, Miss Lloyd, you were right—it can't be done."

Without pausing, she lifted the skirt of her light blue dress and stepped up to the first row of seats.

"I know," she replied softly.

AWAKENING

Continued from Page 9

Why did father have to kill him?"

Then he was upstairs in his room, but he didn't want to play with his toys. It was getting dark and the breeze had turned cold. He shivered. He picked up a block, but it seemed cold and hard.

"Here, Pete, let's watch the train go," coaxed his mother. But the black train only went around in circles and more circles until it ran off the track and lay whining as the wheels spun on nothing.

His supper was unsatisfying, too. He sat looking at it for a while—a slice of meat, big butterbeans that he used to like to eat with his fingers, and a big heap of mashed potatoes in the middle of his plate. It made him get a big lump in his throat, and he tried not to look at it. Everybody was quiet around the table. His father was shuffling about in his chair and giving Pete cautious but sad glances. He killed Butch—my Butch, thought Pete. Suddenly he hated his father. He hated the expression on his face—as if he wanted to say something but couldn't put it into words. He looked away from him, down at his own fists as he pushed

one against the other.

After a while he went up to his room, put on his pajamas unconsciously, and climbed into bed. He'd never gone to bed before without hugging his father. He thought of going back downstairs and throwing his arms about him, but he bit his lip instead.

He absently watched the curtain twirl in the breeze. The little boats looked black now in the twilight. He didn't like boats, and he never wanted to go sailing with his father.

A red pencil of light zigzagged down the sky. A roar of thunder followed. Pete pushed himself far down between the sheets. Then he yanked the blanket over his head and lay there shaking. He couldn't hear his mother downstairs; the room was dark. Why didn't she come up to him? He listened for her, but only heard the rain. Maybe the storm had hurt her—maybe she was dead, too. Then the thunder sounded far away with the blanket over his face. He felt warm, and the bed was soft and . . .

It was a warm day again. The sail of the boat flapped in the breeze. He and his daddy were sailing far out from the shore. Something jumped up beside him. He looked around. It was Butch. "Watch out, Butch, don't fall over!" A noise, muffled and far away, distracted him. "Daddy, catch Butch!" The noise grew louder and closer.

The sun blinded him as he slowly opened his eyes. The noise—a car out on the street—Butch—. He sat straight up in bed. No, it wasn't true. He'd just seen Butch and his father. No, he'd dreamed he saw them. Maybe he'd only dreamed his father had hit Butch—maybe—maybe—

He ran from the room to ask his mother. Then his pace slackened—

The blocks lay scattered on the floor before him, small blue and pink blocks lying about where the tower had crumbled yesterday. For a long moment he looked at them. Then he looked at his bed, soft and white with the sheets turned back.

"Pete, Pete—Peter," called a voice—his father's voice from downstairs. He paused on the door sill. The door blew slightly to and fro in the wind.

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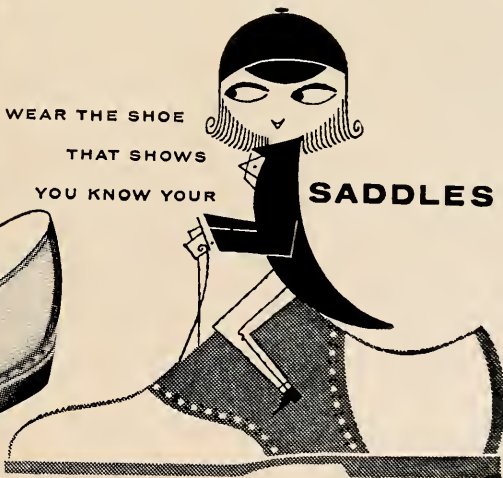
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